

## Tawny, Marigold, caramel and somewhere in between we fall in love

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/26388661) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/26388661>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Not Rated</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a> , <a href="#">Dreamteam (Fandom)</a> , <a href="#">i dont even know man - Fandom</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Tooth-Rotting Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Colorblind GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">my gay dnf heart felt so emotional during the colorblind vid so i wrote down fluff to vent- the fic</a> , <a href="#">Boys In Love</a> , <a href="#">using my artist knowledge to list down colors rn</a> , <a href="#">george making spontaneous travel decisions for the sake of plot</a> , <a href="#">How Do I Tag</a> , <a href="#">I Will Go Down With This Ship</a> , <a href="#">Oneshot</a>
Language:	English
Collections:	<a href="#">THE BEST</a> , <a href="#">MCYT</a>
Stats:	Published: 2020-09-10 Words: 3592

## Tawny, Marigold, caramel and somewhere in between we fall in love

by [Qekyo](#)

### Summary

Now that George has seen the world in the full spectrum with his colorblind glasses, the goal of it all is supposedly complete for him now.

but there's just one more thing he has to see.

(the self-indulgent oneshot after the colorblind vod to cope with the upcoming love or host)

### Notes

Hi, the fandom might be a little messy right now, but its ok!! Here's your safe space, thank you for getting this far <33

I'll probably be making another one shot later tonight abt the love or host thing (that most definitely will not age well) BUT i know sum of you also want a lil bit of fluff before the cluster fuck that is the love or host stream happens later, so i hope you enjoy this short of Dream and George

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Before, George's favorite color was blue.

Naturally, it would be if you were green-red color blind. When half of the spectrum is unavailable to you, your options for *favorite colors* are quite limited.

"I'll be the first thing you see through your glasses!"

Dream's tone is nothing less than thrilled. Like a child on Christmas day, carefree and ecstatic. It makes George giggle. The fact that his friend is so overjoyed for this moment, pulls on George's heartstrings. He can't help but suppress the lopsided smile that plasters itself on his face.

He stalls for a bit. Makes dull commentary as he holds the rose-tinted lens in his shaky hands. He's scared, rightfully so. This moment- this *thing* in his hands is supposed to unbalance his world, everything he's ever known. He's nervous, but at the same time, the anticipation is killing him.

With Dream's gentle coaxing, George does a countdown.

When he says three and flips the glasses onto his nose. The first thing he sees is Dream's avatar.

And how vibrant the world actually is.

He starts off a train of excited giggles, as he looks to space around him. How the ground is not actually the normal tawny-- but actually a soft viridian, spreading across hills and valleys.

"How do I look? What do I look like?" Dream chimes in. George instantly points back his screen to Dream. He's whiplashed by how sudden the change is.

The color that he's normally told is *there* . Not the usual watered-down yellow, but now, a vivid lime green that demands the attention of everything around him. George laughs again, it's so straining to the eye's attention-grabbing that it fits Dream so well.

"You're actually green!" He shrieks happily.

Dream laughs, "I am!"

They spend the next hour or so just running around Minecraft, with Dream showing George to the nether and letting him see what he knows, is red and purple. He feels like a child, where everything feels new and alien. Slowly relearning and rediscovering all these broken bits of what he knows and finally making them whole.

He's finding out how beautiful the world really is.

George stares at the purple wool with extreme interest, he laughs and giggles repeatedly when he removes his glasses and compares them to his vision. It's all so new and unknown to him, so vastly different from what he considers to be *normal* . It's simply indescribable.

"That's purple George, purple." Dream says, sweetly tender "You're seeing purple George!"

George attempts to blink back the small tears that begin to form in the wells of his eyes. Dream sounds so genuinely happy for him, so happy to just be there and experience this all with George. Just the two of them, laughing as George rediscovers the world in a light that he's never been able to.

To some, it might be very odd that George wears the glasses for the first time, in *Minecraft* with his best friend as they both yell and scream about the color pink,

But when Dream eagerly show's him each and every flower with such meticulous care. As he giggles when George repeats the color 'red' repeatedly in the sentence when describing it. As he speaks so soft and tenderly to George about the colors that George--

Wouldn't have it any other way.

*t a w n y*

He brings and wears the glasses *a lot*.

A lot is an understatement really, not *all* the time, mostly on events or certain celebrations.

He brings it when he meets up with friends. He wants to see how the world looks when he's spending time when time with the people he loves.

He wears them when he's doing an event. Especially on the championships, now he doesn't have to rely on his chat whenever build mart comes up, and blame it on the devs whenever there's a color-based game.

He wears them when watching sunsets, a suggestion by Sapnap. He watched his first on Brighton's pier. The magnificent blends of yellow and orange of the dying sun, painting the sky in its hues. The plashes of pink and purple that came after, then the deep abyssal darky blue that enveloped it all in the end.

He likes seeing the world like this.

This, the closed-off door that he could never access is now unveiling beneath his eyes. The one he could never experience because of his disability, this part that is now his. The door to this has now been busted open, thrown off its hinges, and discarded, now George can see all that lies ahead of it.

He loves it, relishes it. But something is missing.

But there's one more thing he wants to see.

*m a r i g o l d*

George, contrary to popular belief, is a bit of a pushover when it comes to things he wants to do.

“You bought a one-way ticket to Florida!?” Sapnap screams into his ear on Teamspeak. George winces as he lowers his desktop volume.

“Yes, I did. You didn’t have to scream it by the way.” He remarks crudely. Opening his Minecraft and going on the Dream SMP.

The moment he spawns back into the world, he’s greeted by the mountainside of the cliff he was on. It’s immediately dull to him, with the almost murky water and brown-ish grass. He realizes in that moment of disappointment that he had gotten so used to the bright and vivid colors of the glasses.

And without them, it seems almost dead.

“But why? Why not visit me?” Sapnap whines. He sees George’s avatar across the map and starts sprinting towards him menacingly.

“Because I don’t want to.” He replies plainly. He sees Sapnap coming towards him, netherite sword in hand. He starts yelling and running away from the Texan man.

“Sapnap! Get away!” He shrieks loudly. He starts attempting to build upwards to avoid his friends' killing intent, but it’s promptly useless when Sapnap starts towering upwards as well.

“Nope! You have to tell me first, Georgie!” He laughs.

George slowly runs more and more out of blocks. The fear rises in him as he sees Sapnap getting closer. He doesn’t even have any of his weapons? What was he doing last time he logged in? He’s getting closer and closer, George knows for certain he’s going to break his armor too--

“--I’m visiting Dream!”

Suddenly, the placement of blocks stops. And the silence in the TeamSpeak call follows.

“You’re visiting Dream, huh?” Sarnap repeats with a teasing lilt, George can feel him wiggling his eyebrows *through* the call.

George, flustered and sputtering, replies “Y-yeah”

Sarnap chokes out a long string of chortles and guffaws. He starts to choke on air from how much laughter he’s releasing right now.

“Sarnap, shut up,” George mutters darkly.

Sarnap does not in fact shut up, instead, he chooses to rub salt over the festering wound and begins to tease George relentlessly.

“Oh my god, Geroge!” He says in between his huffs of laughter and giggles. “You could have just said you were visiting! But no-- you wanted to hide it- it because you were embarrassed!” He wheezes.

George feels his cheeks flush, the heat rising and bubbling. A flare of anger courses through him, he crouches over the edge of his tower and punches Sarnap off his. Sarnap immediately dies upon impact, displaying his death in chat, but he doesn’t even skip a beat in laughter.

“I literally hate you so much...”

It feels like hours before Sarnap stops laughing. By then George had already picked up all his items and put them in a chest beside his spawn because unlike the Texan man, he is a good friend.

“Alright, alright.” He starts, but George is too bitter to answer. “I think that’s really sweet George, visiting your Minecraft boyfriend in real life. Real question is, does he know about this impromptu visit?”

George tenses. “Well I haven’t really told him yet--”

“Oh my- George! Surprise him!” Sapnap all but yells.

“I’m not just going to barge into his house unannounced--”

“He won’t get mad, it’s you!”

“It’s rude Sapnap!”

“Dude, he would love it! C’mon--”

“No.”

“Yes!”

“No-”

“Yes!”

“No!-”

“Hey, what are you guys arguing about?” Dream says abruptly, they both didn’t even notice the ding from when he joined the call from how loud they were fighting.

“I’m going to be v-”

“Nothing! George just said something stupid about American holidays.” Sapnap lied smoothly, instantly shading over any signs of the former argument with his comment. Dream perked his head up after hearing that, disclosing the petty feud they just had earlier.

“Really? Which one?” He asks eagerly, the end of his question laced with a soft laugh that George can’t help but focus over, he sounds tired.

“Christmas, do you know they say ‘happy Christmas’ instead of Merry?” Dream laughs at that, George also notices how it’s more of his airy, tea kettle laugh now. The one he normally does when he’s really happy.

“You’re so weird George,” Dream wheezes, something so delightfully infectious that it brings an unconscious smile on George’s face. He has a nice laugh.

“Yeah, don’t you also call Santa Claus-- Father Christmas or something?”

“Father Ch-Christmas--” Dream wheezes again, and now, George is just shamelessly admiring how endearing his laugh was.

If he could bottle it and get drunk off the sound every single day, then he would destroy himself just for it.

By now, George represents laughter with Dream. He also represents the color green to Dream now that he can see it more often. The color of life, of green valleys covered in flowers and shrubs. The color of dew after a storm, of wet grass and leaves on a maple tree that grows outside his house.

Dream represents the color Green, lively, and nature.

*c a r a m e l*

It’s only two weeks after when George is on the plane to Florida. With his carry on, a suitcase filled with necessities, and his glasses of course.



He takes a picture of the clouds outside the airplane and posts it on twitter. He doesn't want to go in *completely* unannounced, no matter how much Sapnap coaxes him to. With the simple caption of “>:) “ he leaves it there for the stans to freak out about.

He steps out of the airport and is blasted by the humidity of it all. The icky sun makes his skin feel like gel and his head is a heated sauna. Honestly, he hates it already, but George is no coward. He came here for a reason, and the Florida sun isn't going to stop that.

He flags down a cab by the curb. The driver asks him where he's going and he replies with the memorized answer he has from Sapnap. The driver nods, visibly surprised by George's British accent but kindly doesn't mention it.

He arrives somewhere in the heart of Orlando. Supposedly, nearby is Dream's apartment building.

And he's instantly lost.

It hits him at that moment, that he's lost in the middle of a foreign country, in the heart of the main city. And it hit him *hard*.

"Shit shit shit shit..." he chants repeatedly while reaching into his pocket for his phone with trembling hands. He really should've thought this through, why the *fuck* did he agree with Sapnap--

*Gogywasfound*: hey can you like, go outside to the park near ur apartment

George frantically looks around his surroundings, he spots a quaint looking bench by the corner of a hedge bush that surrounds the small array of trees and bushes near the side of the road. He sits down hastily before reading the message that Dream sent him, alarmingly fast.

*Pissbaby* : ???

*Pissbaby* : shit George wtf did you??

George grimaces to his surroundings. If everything is ok and George doesn't get mugged in broad daylight, then he most certainly is traveling to Texas just to punch Sapnap for convincing him to do this.

*Gogywasfound:* i may have miscalculated

George thinks for a moment, before eventually adding.

*Gogywasfound:* i'm sorry if this is bothersome, i just really need you to go over

The speech icon beside Dream's profile fades in and out for what seems like centuries to George as he hesitantly bites on the tips of his fingers.

*Pissbaby:* omw

George deflates with relief, a heavy and prolonged sigh escaping his lips.

It only takes approximately 4 minutes for Dream to come to the park (George would know, he was counting every single second).

He jogs into the maze of brown-colored hedge bushes. Hair damp on his head with a sheen of sweat, haphazardly dressed in sweatpants and a large white shirt tucked in messily as he frantically looks around the area.

It only takes him a second or less to meet George's eyes from across the park. His eyes immediately flash with something akin to wonder-- then quickly flash to dismay.

"George?!" He squawks, his tone is laced with shock, somewhere under all of it, there's the smallest bit of amazement.

"Hey," The British man stammers awkwardly, waving his hand at Dream from across the park. Dream jogs over to him.

George really didn't think this through.

Dream was only 6 inches taller than him, a pretty substantial height. So he practically shadowed over George, blocking away the Floridian sun's harsh rays. Its glimmering light stead deflected itself on Dream's mop of messy blonde hair, illuminating it so it appeared as if he had a halo of light highlighting his sharp and handsome features.

George really should've thought this through.

George gulps down his rising fear. Dream looks at him with an incomprehensible expression, simple blank as he looks down at George. The British man starts to feel the surging panic course within him, why was Dream looking at him like that. With such a motionless face?

He hesitantly sucks up all his cowardice. He did *not* just fly 9 hours, away from the comfort of his own home, just to back up and be scared now. George not found may be in denial, but he certainly isn't a fucking quitter.

So he extends his hand, offering a shake of the hand to the man who he considers a best friend--

~~*And more if he ever asked.*~~

Dream doesn't take it, however.

Instead, he slams the full force of his body onto George, his arms circling his waist so he doesn't fall over. Dream's head, buried in the crook of his neck and he cradles him in a tight, yet strangely gentle embrace.

"Woah! Dream--" George laughs as Dream nuzzles his head deeper into George's neck. The strands of blonde hair, wisping and curling around the side of his face, brushing ever so slightly against his cheek.

They both burst into a fit of untamed laughter. With Dream's fully body guffaws, and George's hiccupy giggles, blending almost perfectly together in a mismatch of disarrayed harmony.

“You’re here! You’re actually here-- in Florida!” The tone of his voice is oddly reminiscent of the time they recorded the colorblind video. Jubilant and carefree. But this time, he can see Dream’s tender expression, the one where his eyes crease in the corners, the one where his freckles move across his face like scattered stardust.

George’s stomach starts to cramp by how much he’s laughing. “Yeah, Yeah I am.”

George gently removes Dream’s face away from its snug place by his neck. He lifts his head ever so slightly so he can see into Dream’s marigold like eyes.

He cradles his face ever so delicately, staring deeper into the Floridian man’s caramel-colored orbs. Dream laughs at the action, bringing his own hand over to George’s and lightly placing it on top of his. He sinks into the touch, melting at the warmth he radiates.

“Surprise” he mutters. Barely lighter than a whisper, but since Dream is within breathing space he beams like a light bulb when he hears it.

“Where’s my gift?” he whispers back, chuckling.

The intimacy in their touch and the overall expression Dream is giving him right now, completely blows any moral ambiguity he has left out of the water.

“I traveled for 9 hours for you to ask that.” he rubs soothing circles into Dream’s cheekbone. “Aren’t I enough of a gift for you?”

Dream seems appalled at his statement, his caramel-colored eyes widening ever so slightly. He presses his lips into a thin line before answering so earnestly that it makes George’s heart feel like it was shot straight through by cupid’s arrow.

“More than enough.” Bullseye.

They stand there, admiring each and every crevice, curve, and inch of each other. Or maybe that’s just George-- it isn’t his fault Dream is so undeniably attractive.

“Why are you here anyway? I know you can be quite adventurous at times but a whole-- what, a 9-hour *flight* means that you must have had something planned?” Dream asks.

George backtracks. The entire reason for his spontaneous excursion did in fact have a very important goal in mind.

“You’re gonna laugh--”

“I won’t! I won’t! I swear on my millions of subscribers, that I will not laugh.” Dream says, halfway his tone becomes monotonous, showing his all compelling seriousness.

George raises an eyebrow, he can feel the smile slowly crawling up his face. “Really? That’s quite a lot on the line,” he remarks crudely.

“Anything for you Georgie poo~,” he says in a sickly sweet off-key voice.

George snickers. He shrugs his backpack off his shoulder, ruffling around the inside for a bit before victoriously pulling out a small rectangular box.

“George, what--”

“Close your eyes!”

Dream looks at him quizzically, he pauses for a moment, eyes uncertain. He looks back up at George’s smiling face and ultimately falls flat. He gives a hesitant nod before slowly shutting his eyelids.

All Dream can hear is the shuffling of objects and the sharp intake of breath that comes from the British man. He slowly tenses, how important must this thing be for George to literally fly over the Atlantic to show him? How important is it that George would go to see Dream *in person* again just for this ‘surprise’. Now that the anticipation is slowly building up, all that can fill Dream’s mind are countless of possibilities on why--

“You can open your eyes now.”

He painstakingly flutters them open. His vision instantly caves in on George in front of him, wearing the EnChroma colorblind glasses.

Dream is quiet for a beat, clearly underwhelmed by it all.

Then, he laughs. Cheek splitting, heart-string pulling, and beautiful.

“Really George? Like what you see?” He grins proudly. George doesn’t respond however, he just remains silent. Staring at Dream with this gleam in his eye that Dream can’t describe. He looks oddly happy, amazed even.

“George?” He asks again.

George slowly approaches him. Like earlier, he slowly cups Dream’s hand, squishing his cheeks together in a childish manner. Supporting his head downwards so that they’re both looking into each other’s eyes only.

George looks like he’s about to cry.

Dream quickly panics, his hands going on top of George’s to squeeze them in a poor attempt of reassurance. His face contorting from one of confusion to concern.

“George?!” He inquires more urgently now, desperate to stop the glassy look that sheens over the Brit’s eyes. The last thing he wants is to be the reason why George is crying.

George lets out a broken string of hiccups giggles.

“Your eyes are green,” he states plainly, with the dorkiest grin on his face.

Dream’s aforementioned green eyes stretch open to the size of dinner plates. George can’t help but admire them even more.

They're simply hypnotizing. George thinks it's the most beautiful thing in the world. With the outsides being a mossy sage color that transitions into pale chartreuse. Littered with the faintest speckles of gold and yellow. They're so bright and vivid that George could've mistaken them for prisms. Gemstones, dazzling yet unpolished. Gems men like him pay thousands for, but here he is, seeing it all for free.

By now, he's just shamelessly waxing poetics about Dream's eyes, but really who could blame him?

"Your eyes are green," he repeats, saying it as if he needs to remind himself that they are in fact, *green*.

And George can see green.

Dream, like the lovelorn fool he is, smiles back. "You're so-" his sentence falls flat by the sound of his innate laughter. He cradles George's hand that rests on his cheek, turning the side of his head so he can kiss the inner part of his palm.

*You're so*

"Beautiful," They both say in unison.

Before, George's favorite color was blue.

Naturally, it would be if you were green-red color blind. When half of the spectrum is unavailable to you, your options for *favorite colors* are quite limited.

Now it's a bit complicated. He can now momentarily see all the hues and shades he missed out over the years of restriction. From the bold red and orange flames on Sapnap's clothes and avatar. To the soft pinks of lilacs over viridian hills. But there will always be a color that beats everything else by *miles* ahead.

It's the color of dewy grass after perilous storms. Of leaves on the maple tree that grows behind his

house in the summer. Of hills and valleys, of flowers and shrubs, of life and nature.

Dream represents green, and all George loves about it.

So naturally, green is his favorite color.

## End Notes

yall holy fuck that was fun to write

-I'm sorry abt not updating the singers au i got heavily sidetracked by the love or host thing and tumble encouraged me to write this so here we are.

-i will be writing a bunch more dnf content, oneshots mostly and maybe another multi chapter if my poor adhd soul can handle it.

- I plan to do a cute lil oneshot of dream and George using the tik tok trend where you kiss your best friend while electric love by borns plays in the background (stay tuned for that)

- if u enjoyed, go ahead and kudos and if ur feeling it- drop a comment of ur thoughts bc we all know I dearly need that validation

- ill be manifesting dream competing in love or host now :)))) (this did not age well)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!